

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you say well: But I haue another messenger to your worship: Mistrisse Page hath her heartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your eare, there's as fatuous a cuill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman so deate vpon a man; surely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I haue no other charmes.

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has *Ford's* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a iest indeed: they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a trick indeed: But Mistris *Page* would desire you to send her your little Page of all lous: her husband has a maruellous infection to the little Page: and truly Master *Page* is an honest man: neuer a wife in *Windsor* leades a better life then she do's: doe what shee will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserues it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windsor*, she is one: you must send her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qui. Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any case haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderstand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes: olde folkes you know, haue discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee well, commend mee to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distracts me.

Pist. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers, Clap on more sailes, pursue: vp with your fights: Giue fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Saist thou so (old *Lacke*) go thy waies: He make more of thy olde body then I haue done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairly done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *John*, there's one Master *Broome* below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. *Broome* is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: such *Broomes* are welcome to mee, that ore-flowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistrisse *Ford* and Mistrisse *Page*, haue I encompass'd you? goe to, via.

Ford. Blessie you sir.

Fal. And you sir: would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation vpon you.

Fal. You're welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my name is *Broome*.

Fal. Good Master *Broome*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my selfe in

better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this vnseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *John*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserue to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Master *Broome*) I shall be glad to be your Seruant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer so good means as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir *John*) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproofe the easier, fith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating obfession: In gross'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd every slight occasion that could but nigardly giue mee sight of her: not only bought many presents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what shee would haue giuen: briefly, I haue pursu'd her, as *Loue* hath pursu'd mee, which hath bene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, mercede I am sure I haue receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a lewell, that I haue purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this.

*"Lowe like a shadow flies, when substance Lowe pursues,
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."*

Fal. Haue you receiued no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I haue lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me?

Ford. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir *John*) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I haue, onely

giue me so much of your time in enchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife: vfe your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enioy? Methinks you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

Ford. O, vnderstand my drift: shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detraction in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattaild against me: what say you too't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Broome*, I will first make bold with your money: next, giue mee your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enioy *Ford's* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *John*) you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistrisse *Ford* (Master *Broome*) you shall want none: I shall be with her. (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen: for at that time the ielious-rascally-knaue her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford's* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the ielous wittolly-knaue hath masses of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-fauour'd: I will vse her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my hairest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might auoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanically salt-butter rogues, I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe him with my cudgell: it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Master *Broome*, thou shalt know, I will predominate ouer the pezzant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night: *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggravate his stile: thou (Master *Broome*) shalt know him for knaue and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

Ford. What a damned Epicurian-Rascal is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who saies this is improuident ielousie; my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man haue thought this? see the hell of haying a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawed at, and I shall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but stand vnder the adoption of abominable termes; and by him that does mee this wrong: Terms, names: *Amamon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbasen*, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold: the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Ass, a secure Ass; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be ielous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, *Parson Hugh* the *Welsh* man with my Cheefe, an *Irish* man with my Aqua-vita-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then shee plots, then shee rumi-

uates, then shee deuises: hearts they may effect; they will effect. Heauen eleven o' clocke the howr my wife, bee reueng'd on will about it, better three nute too late: sic, sic, sic:

Scena

Enter *Cain*, *Rugby*, *Pist.*

Cain. *Lacke Rugby*.

Rug. Sir.

Cain. Var is the clocke

Rug. 'Tis past the howr

to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has fau'd hee has pray his Pible well (*Lacke Rugby*) he is dead alre-

Rug. Hee is wife Sir: he kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring him: take your Rapier, (*Lacke Rugby*) kill him.

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot f-

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier: Forbear: hee's a Bully.

Shal. 'Saucie you Mr. De-

Page. Now good Mr. De-

Shen. 'Giue you good-

Cain. Var be all you o-

Host. To see thee fight trauesse, to see thee heere

pasle thy puncke, thy stocke montant: Is he dead, my Et-

cisco? ha Bully? what saies heart of Elder? ha? is he d-

Cai. By gar, he is de Co-

he is not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a Casta-

Greece (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare

fixe or seuen, two tree he come.

Shal. He is the wiser m-

feules, and you a curer of b-

goe against the haire of yo-

Master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*; great fighter, though now

Shal. Body-kins M. P.

of the peace; if I see a fi-

make one: though wee are

Church-men (M. *Page*) we

in vs, we are the sons of w-

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shal.*

Shal. It will be found so

I am come to fetch you ho-

you haue shov'd your selfe

Hugh hath shovne himselfe

man: you must goe with m-